

300 Show at McDonnell Testimonial

Blood Flows: Commerce Tops in Corpuscle Crop

The Commencemen once again proved themselves to be the mainstay behind the annual Commerce Society Blood Drive. Turning out a record 81 per cent of their faculty they were able to walk away unchallenged with the Bloody Mary Trophy. Their closest rival was the Science faculty who turned out 63 per cent of their total members. The Artsmen polled a 50 per cent representation for their place.

The student body showed themselves to be completely behind the blood-letting by turning out in the largest number in Loyola's blood drive history. A total of 704 pints of blood was realized of which 429 were actually contributed on campus. The remainder was pledged for a later date.

A first for this year's blood

drive was the presence of a large contingent of Marianopolis students. The girls pitched in to contribute 28 pints of blood to the total and were helpful in many other ways.

Co-Chairman Merv Kelly and Dick Kugelman interviewed a number of the girls to find out their feelings about such cooperative endeavours. Said Darryl Dolan, Marianopolis PR for the drive, "Once again we are happy to see that Loyola could be counted upon to help Marianopolis out in this effort."

On hand to assist the Red Cross nurses were ladies from the Lakeshore General Hospital. Steve Retfalvi was responsible for the music on the PA system and many other students helped to plan and execute this drive.



Red Cross nurses coax the corpuses out of some red-blooded Loyola men.

Ex-Dean Receives Standing Ovation, Requests Students 'Stick to Aims'

A week last Thursday, the student body expressed their thanks to ex-Dean Fr. McDonnell, in the form of a testimonial dinner. Attendance at the dinner was, according to Mike Dunn, SAC Treasurer, 300, or one fourth of the student body.

Organized in record time, after the sudden announcement of Fr. McDonnell's departure, the dinner was probably the most successful event of the year. A dozen speakers testified to the work done by Father McDonnell, and, in eleven cases, the content of their speeches was received by the assembled students with unanimous approval.

The speakers opened with Fr. O'Donnell, representing the Rector, who did not attend the dinner due to another engagement. Fr. O'Donnell commented on the 'fine print' in a Jesuit's 'contract' that specified that he should be ready to serve all over the world. "Father McDonnell," he said, "has been having an easy time of it by serving in Montreal." His humorous tones were followed by the key speech of the evening, given by Father Thomas Moylan.

Soft-spoken Father Moylan talked for twenty minutes on the great work done by the ex-Dean during his years at Loyola. He spoke at length on Father McDonnell's desire for perfection from the students, and how his gentle, persuasive attitude has done so much to encourage students to give Loyola their best.

Father Moylan was followed by students representing the three faculties: Mike Beaudoin, for Arts,



Some of the 300 students who attended the banquet-tribute in honor of Fr. McDonnell. Here, Fr. Moylan delivers testimonial address.

Martin Sherwood, for Science, and Chuck Bissegger, for Commerce. This trio spoke of Father McDonnell's relationship with the students, his aims in education, and his down-to-earth contact with the students. In concluding his speech, Martin Sherwood said: "Father McDonnell has been a symbol for us. Now he becomes a silent symbol; but he is a symbol that we shall find it hard to forget throughout our lives."

Following these student tributes, Dr. Hayes of the Economics Department spoke on behalf of the professors, bringing out their relationship with the ex-Dean.

From the lengthy head table, there then rose in turn the student council presidents from 1957-58, '59-'60, '60-'61, and the first part of the present school year. These four, John Lefebvre, John Ganley, George Bedard, and Brian Noble, all spoke of Father McDonnell's effect on their administrations, stressing his willingness to help with and his sincere interest in student activities.

Life-Time Honor

There then came an announcement from Father McKinnon, head of the History Department, which was greeted with wild applause. He announced that at a meeting held earlier that day, the Loyola Faculty Association had elected Father McDonnell as the first life-time honorary member of the association.

The speeches concluded with Egbert Archibald, SAC President,

who presented Father McDonnell with a watch. The ex-Dean brought the dinner to a close by asking two things of the assembled students: that they try to stick to the aims which he has always held in building Loyola, and that they remember him in their prayers. As he took his seat again, the entire assembly arose and gave him a lengthy ovation, followed by the singing of 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'

The dinner was sponsored by the BSA, whose individual members, at a meeting the day prior to the banquet, passed a motion to cut back their budgets as much as was possible to help pay for the banquet. The BSA, at the same meeting, followed this with a motion to pick up whatever remained of the bill.

Responsible for the major task of organizing the affair at such short notice, were George DeBenedetti, Norm Fehr, Bill Leece, and Mike Dunn.



FR. W. J. McDONNELL: a silent symbol

UMUN Report

Loyola Lobbies Lethargically

There were many speeches made at the UMUN during its four-day stay in Montreal. Some of them showed deliberation; others verged on incogitancy. It was unfortunate that addresses to the Assembly made by delegations from Loyola were few in number; it was even more

frustrating to have to admit that those few that were

The second of two feature reports by Yaroslav Panasiuk

made, with the possible exception of Ethiopia's, be-

longed to the latter category. Indeed, they were wholly void of forethought and preparation.

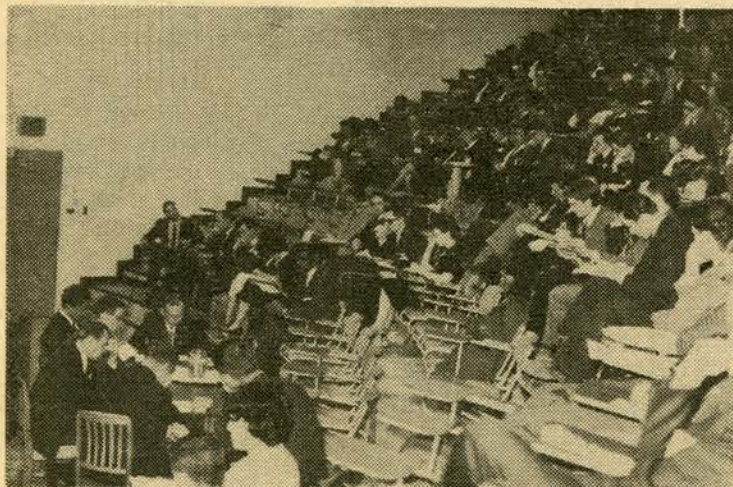
"The SAC spent a considerable sum to enter the delegates into the conference," said one of our more disgusted delegates. "We might not have had the best delegation, but we could have tried at least. We didn't even do that." None made any suggestions, distributed any literature, sponsored a resolution or an amendment; few, if any, did and genuine lobbying. "If they made any preparations at all," he continued, "it certainly did not show."

"Our delegates gave up on the first day," he said, recalling the confusion of the first session. "Delegates from other universities at least decided to make the best of a poor deal."

Overall accomplishments of the conference may not be overwhelming, but they did show what the student thinks in the sphere of world affairs. The delegates decided that countries behind in their payments to the UN should not be refused a vote in the Assembly; this might give too much

power to the Soviet bloc. They also determined that to replace Nationalist China in the UN with Red China would leave the former without representation, even though they are many times smaller than the latter. A solution where both could be represented must be found instead, and some of the arguments for this point were quite stimulating, if not original.

Notwithstanding its poor showing this year, the UMUN did realize one of its aims — that of acquainting students with UN procedure. Indeed, this particular conference will always be well-remembered as the one that was nothing but procedure.



Loyola session of UMUN. The neutralization of Berlin was the central topic, providing the conference with its most stimulating discussion.

Under the Tower

With John McNinch

THE academic year at Loyola has long been saturated with an over-abundance of extracurricular activities. The student in general, allows himself to be subjected to these activities as "a part of his formation." Thus, it is unusual if one of these leaves an impression on the minds of the participants.

We feel that the Testimonial Dinner given for Father McDonnell by the student body is one of the unusual cases. It will, or should, leave a profound impression on the mind of every Loyola student.

We could repeat, ad nauseam, the qualities of our ex-Dean. However, we do not think ourselves obliged to tell the student body of the personal interest that the ex-Dean always showed in the various problems facing Loyola's students. We are certain that the student body is well aware of Father McDonnell's interest in their welfare. This awareness, without doubt, was responsible for the dinner held in honor of our ex-Dean.

Our attention, however, is drawn to the fact that approval of Father McDonnell has not been unanimous. Some at Loyola have cast doubts on the competency of our ex-Dean. There are two factors which we would like to impress on the minds of such people. The first is that when one attacks a man who is as professional in his field, as is Father McDonnell, one should realize that he is blatantly exhibiting his own ignorance, if not his own incompetence. The second is that when one attacks a man as respected as Father McDonnell, he, amusingly enough, is flaunting his own pettiness. Such attacks meet, in our opinion, with little receptiveness. It is impossible to undermine the respect shown to Father McDonnell by the student body and by the majority of the faculty, even to the smallest degree.

Since his departure, our respect for Father McDonnell, must assume the form of a responsibility. In his farewell address to those assembled at the Testimonial Dinner, he requested two things. He asked that they all try to adhere strongly to the aims which he himself has always held in building Loyola, and that they remember him in their prayers.

Thus, the students' responsibility to their ex-Dean is obvious. He should be kept as a symbol by the student body long after his name is no longer on every tongue. He will be, perhaps, a silent symbol, but also a dynamic and demanding one.

Despite the collective responsibility held by us all, the burden of the responsibility resulting from the Dean's departure lies with the faculty of Loyola. They are in a position to best know Father McDonnell's aims and all that he stands for. To many students, the aims of the ex-Dean are only nebulous abstractions. The faculty know the concrete plans that this man possessed for the betterment of Loyola. It is our sincerest hope that they will remain conscious of these aims and, as long as they are at Loyola, will do all in their power to see that these aims are safeguarded.

If they break faith by disregarding the trust which has been placed in them, as they will most certainly be tempted to do, they may find themselves alleviated of their responsibility, but they will inevitably lose the respect of the student body, and even, perhaps, their self-respect.

It is uncertain, as of yet, the position that Father McDonnell will next hold. It is certain, however, that whatever this position may be, he will take with him to it, the best wishes of the entire student body at Loyola.



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Examining Exams

IN the last few days the mail brought to most of us those sometimes ominous missives, the report-cards. Consequently, it seems appropriate to discuss the validity of the examination system on which modern 'education' is built.

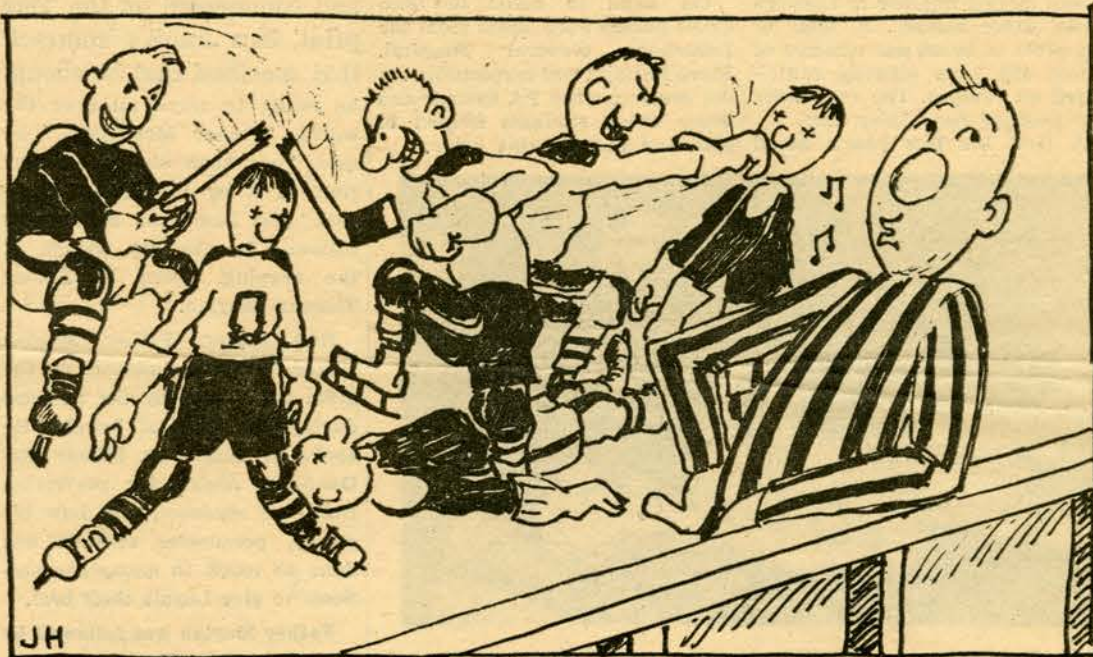
To examine the system, one need only ask the question: how many times have you known that an exam result did not give a true indication of what you had learned? This question is not directed solely to those who feel that they have had a raw deal, but also to those who know that their knowledge was far less than that indicated by their marks.

The successful passing of exams amounts, in many cases, not to grasping subject matter, but to grasping the personality of one's professors. Discover what the professor considers important, study his mode of presentation, return it to him in an exam, and you pass. This is not an indictment of professors. All professors are human and, consequently, attach more importance to some aspect of a subject than they do to other aspects, since this particular aspect interests them more than the others.

This subjectivity is unavoidable; of necessity, it robs examinations of much of their validity. Statistically, this may not be true. Many who fail, and many who pass are actually differentiated by ability. But, specifically, there are some who fail that should not have done so, and there are an equal number that pass without deserving to do so. The danger of the examination system lies in the person who has been mistreated by his results. If he believes, on the one hand, that he is a failure, or, on the other hand, that he is exceptionally intelligent, he is falling into a state of moral turpitude unforgivable in a rational being.

Were it only for the sake of this group who are being falsely impressed by a system exams should be abolished.

The automatic reply, if this suggestion is made to a professor is: and what do you suggest as an alternative? We have no alternative; but we do feel that it is the duty of those who have been entrusted with our education to look for something more honest than the present system. Perhaps they would not succeed. But, in trying, it is quite likely that they would become far more conscious of the defects of the system which is so frequently imposed upon every student.



Refereeing in the OSU of late has shown a lack of severity.

The Lost Intellectual

AN article in TIME magazine last week pointed out a problem that concerns every student at Loyola. The article, headed, "Where are the Catholic Intellectuals?", dealt with Dean Hesburgh of Notre Dame and the improvements in that institution which he has effected within the past few years.

On the surface, the article was interesting because it pointed to the fact that Notre Dame has had the same problems with reform as we have experienced and are experiencing now. They have had to change an antedated science faculty, where the antiquity of the equipment was matched only by the incompetency of the professors, a downright backward philosophy and theology course, and replace them with relatively up-to-date programs.

Although the parallel is not in all cases perfect, nevertheless it is sufficiently close to establish some sort of kinship between our two colleges.

Yet, this is not the real problem raised by this article. Its title was "Where Are the Catholic Intellectuals?" We must be

the first to agree that this is a very good question.

The question we must ask is whether such an animal has the right to exist. The basis of the secular college intellectual is scientific enquiry: the process of sorting out ideas and movements, objectively, and then, and only then, to form opinions. The Catholic of necessity brings to college a set of preconceptions, which, if he looses, endangers his catholicism. Is this bringing of preconceptions to the subject to be studied valid? This is the first question we must answer.

If we first agree to the concept of the Catholic intellectual, we finally come to the original topic: "Where Are the Catholic Intellectuals?". Indeed, where are they? For a long time, (perhaps even since Thomas Aquinas) they have been a quickly-vanishing breed. The world has gone secular on us, and at the slightest hint of genius, miniscule as it may be, on the part of anyone vaguely connected with the Church, we kick up a ruckus.

The final question we must deal with is this: is Loyola producing Catholic intellectuals? As one walks into some of our noted classes, it is difficult to believe. It certainly strains one's faith.

REVIEWS: the NEWS goes to ring round the moon, judgment at nuremberg

A NEW dimension has been added to drama at Marianopolis by the approach of the current executive in attempting to stage Jean Anouilh's *Invitation au Chateau*. It is a decision which, in the light of past, safe expeditions into theatre undertaken at Marianopolis, suggests a degree of reckless abandon and iconoclasm that augurs well for the future of the college's theatre tradition.

It has been a disconcerting tradition (of late) for this drama society to stress the financial aspect of their major production, at the expense of a worthy artistic, though not necessarily experimental choice of play. Whatever the reason behind this unfortunate attitude, its result in no way enhanced the college's dramatic reputation.

And so it was a pleasant surprise to see the curtain rise on a production that in every conceivable way seemed to set a precedent. For in last weekend's performances of *Ring Round the Moon* (Christopher Fry's excellent translation) one looked in vain for the traditional box set or for a bevy of disenchanted, unauthentically costumed performers feeling their way about the in-

by
John Juliani

adequately-lit stage. This production had few of the earmarks of technically amateur piece. It was, in a way, a genuinely refreshing, pleasure to hear that the college had lost money in this show. Finally, that outlook of theatre as an exercise for cloistered students, and a fool-proof money-making device has been forsaken by the Peel St. college.

Having made these preliminary remarks let us examine the play proper.

Jean Anouilh is an author whose popularity is neither questioned nor unmerited. His language, at once bristling and bombastic, sparkling and offensive, pour from his experienced pen, and his appeal transcends the brittle barrier of



Mary Ann Constantin as Capulet, Mavourneen Dwyer as Mme Desmorteaux (in wheelchair).

purely commercial theatre. His monologues, satire, and imagination are memorable.

Above all, Anouilh is the actor's playwright; none other since Euripides has catered so



Carl Jessop as Hugo — or is it Frederick?

slavishly to the performer's unique delight.

But the sword of his unique genius is double-edged, and the very preoccupation he has for his performers is coupled with his consummate mastery of dramatic techniques, the reason why he is so demanding of those who attempt to tap his genius.

Style is the first hurdle one must face in dealing with *Ring Round the Moon*. The play is replete with potential technical pitfalls. An elaborate set, and an overabundance of stage directions, are a constant and ever-present reminder of Anouilh's technical abstruseness. He is difficult to do, very difficult to do well.

The Marianopolis production was not entirely successful. In the realm of style, the pure was lacking greatly. This was to be expected from a college cast, but the conception of many of the characters quite apart from the individual characterizations given them by the performers, was radically wrong. The element of farce more than often raised its unfettered head; the tableau painted by Anouilh is one of degenerated high society, while the treatment given some of the scenes suddenly detracted from this picture.

At least three performances were worthy of special note. Carl Jessop, in the difficult

dual role of the twin brothers Hugo and Frederick, handled himself well. His Hugo was a coldly elegant sophisticate, used to getting his own way, but his Frederick was too superficially sketched a characterization. Mr. Jessop failed to invest Frederick with the dignity inherent in his aristocratic background.

Mavourneen Dwyer's Mme. Desmorteaux was a tower of strength at all times, and, on several occasions was responsible for keeping the play moving. She managed the wheelchair very well.

Allan Cantwell's Romainville was an hilarious caricature of a patron of the arts. But it was a caricature, and as such not as believable as he might have been. The fault here, we feel, lies with the director and not the actor.

Another performance worthy of mention was Ron Phillips' characterization of Messerschmann, the dour business magnate. Mr. Phillips made us feel the oppression of an army of dollars.

The females in the cast were generally quite strong. Marianopolis is fortunate to have so much talent within its walls.

Margo Dunn, as Isabelle's mother, was a bustling busy-body; a little modulation in her role might have been desirable. Vicki Tansey, in the virtually thankless role of Isabelle, was charming and effective. She could have, however, made much more use of the one emotional outburst Mr. Anouilh has deigned to give her.

Mary Blake was delightful as the spoiled little girl, Lady India as portrayed by Joan Pennefather, was a victim of some of the production's most atrocious blocking. It is a pity that she could not have been used to advantage, as she ap-



It takes two to tango: Joan Pennefather (left) and Dennis Lucas.

pears to have excellent potential.

Both E. J. Sullivan and Dennis Lucas as Joshua and Patrice Bombelles, respectively, were amusing though stilted in their portrayals.

From the point of view of spectacle, the production was satisfying. The costumes and set were both functional and colorful, the lighting unobtrusive, the sound well integrated, the choreography imaginative.

Mr. Juliani is a past graduate of Loyola, now studying at the National Theatre School — Ed.

The defense attorney has begun the summary of his case in a courtroom at Nuremberg, 1946. The prosecution had just defined its charges against four Nazis who served during the war on the German judiciary and who convicted scores of men, women and children to the notorious death camps, and sentenced countless others to be sexually sterilized. The charge is clear — not mere violation of war irregularities, not mere travesty of justice and right reason — the charge is outright murder.

Before the end of the film "Judgment at Nuremberg", which opened last night at the Imperial theatre, the same charge is laid upon the whole world, on the inference that mass murder requires a mass murderer. The exposition involves a long series of artistic flaws which mar the film — as a film — but

and children were being delivered to the concentration camps? Were we blind! Were we deaf?"

The defense attorney, stunned at this unparliamentary outburst from his own client, enlarges the guilt: "If this man is guilty, then so is the whole world — no less."

Director Stanley Kramer has gathered a good deal (190 min.) of material that would ordinarily raise the audience to the



which are admitted for the sake of packing a punch aimed right below the spectator's belt.

The case for the prosecution immediately illustrates the brink of sensationalism on which the film totters until toppling over, as it does in the end. The star witness is a baker's helper who was sterilized upon sentence by one of the Nazi-judge defendants. The defense's cross-examination brings out the mental retardation of the witness in some embarrassing questions. Remember, he points out, that the law of sterilizing mental incompetents existed long before the war, and was advocated in past decades in some states of the U.S. The judges were only carrying out national law.

Next comes a German woman (Judy Garland) who was indicted, at the age of 16, of having disgraced her nationality by interracial intercourse with a Jew. The prosecution makes it painfully clear that the Jew was an adopted father to the girl, and that his execution was another vicious Nazi crime.

Meanwhile, the logical issues of the courtroom are being enlarged outside the courtroom to include ethical and moral questions. Western officials, who are anxious to accrue national allies in the face of the cold war, advise the prosecuting attorney to go easy: "We need the help of the German people. We don't get it by sentencing their leaders."

At this point, the film gets all out of hand. The attorney answers, "What was the war all about?", somehow inferring (erroneously) that the West fought a kind of crusade against itself, as if we were punishing Germany for its atrocities.

Before long, one of the defendants (Burt Lancaster) rises — after reaching the appropriate emotional breaking point — to condemn himself and all other rational, responsible people for allowing the rise of Hitler. "Where were we," he rants, "when boxcars full of women

same emotional breaking point, if the material were treated with a firm grip on sobriety. But he is guilty of leaning too hard on the sensational and over-sentimentalizing even the deadliest serious moments. Richard Widmark's portrayal of the prosecuting attorney is a confused mush of snarls, whimpers and sighs. Even veteran Spencer Tracy, as presiding judge, is allowed an unbridled display of facial histrionics, including some remarkable eyebrow gesticulations. And Kramer permits Montgomery Clift, as the deranged victim of sterilization, to make an idiot of himself above and beyond the call of duty. Only Judy Garland, whose face is the human symbol of war-torn Germany, and Maximilian Schell as the pressing defense attorney, manage to create characters on celluloid — the former performance is starkly horrifying, the latter is exhaustingly harrowing.

Moreover, in an effort to create visual interest in the limited area of the courtroom, Kramer has encouraged all manners of swivel-shots and sudden zooms from the camera-men, ignoring at times the most interesting realm, the human face.

Most surprising of all is the discovery that any discussion of the film's artistic failures is entirely irrelevant to Kramer's intention. For the film is the most direct, undisguised "message" film that was ever made. It is an unabashed philosophical and historical remembrance of the evils of war, the blame being attached to the collective guilt of every spectator. It is the first film ever to expect an audience to sit for three hours and listen to a massive hypothetical debate.

But that is all "Judgment at Nuremberg" is. It seems that a guy would have to be a heck of a masochist to sit that long to be reminded in that way of his share in the total guilt of World War II.

Phil Content

Chinese Art in One-Day Show

Pinkerton Guards Also On Exhibit

At this very moment, while you are reading this very article, something very unusual is taking place in another part of the school, and if you should happen to find out what it is, please let this writer know about it.

There is one item occurring today, however, which might



Pat Wong expounds upon the merits of his native art.

prove interesting to anyone interested in the unusual. I am referring to the Chinese Art Exhibition, which is exhibiting itself in Lab 101 on the ground floor of the central building, from 10 a.m. till late this evening.

Noted Notchings

It seems that Pat Wong and a few of his associates were able to pilfer, or as they say, "borrow", a few paintings from Mr. Y. K. Wo, a noted Chinese artist. Some of the Pinkerton

guards will also be on exhibition, although the pretext is that they are guarding the paintings.

A number of students have submitted their own works to the exhibit, and if the posters are any indication of their work, we should be in for a treat. Aside from the paintings, there will also be a number of sculptures, created quite naturally, by a few nervous individuals.

Oriental Offerings

Perhaps it would be a good idea to fill you in on a few details that might help you to sound somewhat informed on the art of the Chinese. You will note that the Chinese do not put much value in colors, but rely mostly on shading and stroke. There are two possible explanations for this. First, the artist might not have had the money to invest in colors. Or, the artist, following the tradition of his forefathers, is more interested in the suggestive nature of his subject than in actual photographic representation.

The reputation of Chinese art has recently risen in direct proportion to the ascension of China itself as a crucial figure in world affairs.

Recognizing the increasing importance of Chinese art, that notable journal, the Loyola NEWS, has of late featured a remarkable article in which an entire explanation of the technique of Chinese artists was compressed into one page.

With these few tips on Chinese art, you will now be able to walk with an air of refinement into Lab 101 on the ground floor any time today and enjoy examining the paintings and sculptures.



The grand finale to the show that started the folk music fever at this end of Sherbrooke Street.

Folksters To Swing Again

In an on-the-spot interview with Peter Gaboury and his bellowing banjo, this reporter learned of plans for another authentic folk music show in early March.

"Due to the ever-increasing number of requests from those who took part in the first show to redeem themselves," reported Gaboury, "we have decided it is only fair to give them another chance."

by
Darrel Shee

At this point he began to have trouble with his banjo, for he began to mumble something to the effect of "If I had a hammer".

Finally, after convincing him that he needed neither a hammer,

a bell, nor a song, he settled back and told me of his far-reaching vision for his society. "By listening to ethnic recordings in the music room during lunch hour on Tuesdays, and singing ethnic songs on Wednesday evenings at 7.30, we feel we can appeal to the members of the newly-formed International Students' Association for support."

Through an arrangement with Gesser & Mills, the Folk Music Society will sponsor various Canadian artists in informal chats on what and why they sing what they sing. There is a good chance that the Weavers and Theodore Bikel will be included among these artists, and Mr. Gaboury encourages all members to attend.

Wednesday night, the first meeting of the Loyola Folk Singers took place in the Foyer. Unfortunately, because of the folk-seyness of the opening number, a few of the lads got carried away and were last seen marching down Sherbrooke St., singing their hearts out.

Hanley Here Today, Topic: Separatism

The International Affairs Society is presenting the most colorful figure in municipal and provincial politics, Frank Hanley, this morning (16th). Mr. Hanley, city councillor and member of the provincial parliament, and a constant center of controversy, will deliver a talk on "Separatism" in the auditorium at 11 a.m.

A certain period will be allotted for questions on any subject. In a similar question period at Sir George Williams University lately, Mr. Hanley was challenged to do some 5-BX exercises. (He did.) At the University of Montreal, he turned the tables on the students by challenging them to act as scrutineers in the St. Ann's election to prevent any stuffing of the ballot boxes. He is expected to bring his entertaining and provocative manner with him in his talk today.

Mr. Hanley began his political career in St. Ann's in 1940 when he was elected to the City Council. In 1948 he was elected the Independent Member of the Provincial Parliament for St. Ann's. From 1950 to '54, he was a member of the Executive Committee, and in 1952 he was Vice-President of the Committee.

He has never lost an election in St. Ann's, despite the fact that he is not affiliated with any political party. He is reputed to have one of the best organized political machines on the island of Montreal, with the result that he wins most of his elections by landslide majorities.

Differences of Opinion

Among the more conspicuous contributions which Mr. Hanley has made to the news was a dispute with Lucien Tremblay, Union Nationale member from Maisonneuve. The two began a discussion one day at the Château Frontenac. When some difference of opinion arose which could not be reconciled, 150-pound Hanley and 250-pound Tremblay resorted to fisticuffs. The weight gap between the two was somewhat compensated for by the fact that Hanley was a former lightweight boxer. The dispute was not settled, however, before both men were ejected from the Château.

Recently, Mr. Hanley presented a comprehensive slum clearance plan for St. Ann's to the Federal Government. He is a long-time advocate of a provincial lottery and has been continually seeking "a better deal" for the people of St. Ann's.

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with Jim Hassinger

A Brief Statement of Policy

It is the purpose of this column to solve the great problems of this world: Is there a God? Do we exist? How do you spell "receive"? Which way to the men's room, please?

Of course, with such a momentous task at hand, it is certain that we will not succeed completely. We have still not been able to locate said washroom.

As a matter of fact, this column will not even attempt to solve these problems. But that's its purpose, anyway.

* * *

Everyone's getting very excited nowadays about space travel and rocket ships and wierd things like that. For myself, these things seem to be the product of a warped and slightly demented, yea, even scientific (I'm an artsman) imagination, but who am I to say when all the famous and great people are talking of space travel as being the new frontier of brave and bold patriots and so on . . .

Anyway, it seems kind of ridiculous to me.

But what I'm getting at is that this week they were supposed to put one of those poor unfortunate fellows up into orbit. At press time, it was impossible to know if the poor clown really did get up there, or, what's more important, come down, but here's what might have happened:

"Good morning, all you millions of folks out there all across the nation, and you millions of Russian spies taking pictures of all the secret installations we're showing you absolutely free of charge or risk to your life and limb. This is Walter Crankcase, reporting for CBS news. Well, it looks as though the shot is going off this morning . . ."

Indeed it was. The astronaut had been placed in the capsule hours ago, and now the countdown was in its final minutes. All the generals were pacing back and forth in anxiety, and this was a sure sign of something big. So big, in fact, that they had brought in generals all the way from Palm Beach, where all the generals stay when they're not working (which is pretty regular). Actually, the public relations men had hired character actors to play some of the generals, and they were pacing back and forth too.

Some silly sergeant suggested they "do some work while they're at it." He was promptly broken to private after it was explained to him that he was an enlisted man and what the hell did he know about strategy anyway. This pacing business looked good for the cameras.

Time wore on. Soon there was only one minute to go, and soon the rocket's engines ignited.

At this point, there was a slight interruption for a Minute Maid commercial. It seems that you get twice as much Minute Maid orange juice in a can that you get with any other kind of orange juice, besides which it straightens your teeth, is good to comb your hair with, makes you a success in business, and is the most potent aphrodisiac known to man.

When the network rejoined the program, the shot was well under way. So far, it was a smashing success. The capsule had entered its orbit, and all indications were favorable. The bosomy movie stars with dark glasses, who had showed up for publicity, posed for pictures with the generals (who had stopped pacing).

It was then that the trouble started. First came word from the recovery ships in the Atlantic that all the crews had gone on strike for higher wages. A reconciliation had been attempted, but had failed. "We know a good deal when we see one. No enemy of the working-classes is going to put anything over on us," said the union men. "We refuse to cut profits" said the management men.

At this, a few people were taken aback. But what really did it was when word reached the control room that the astronaut had refused to come back. Just like that. Positively, absolutely, he had refused to come back. He liked it up there, he said. "Preposterous" said one of the generals. "What's the matter with America that he has to go up there? What is he, some kind of sorehead, or something?" said one of the others.

At this point, the intercom with the space capsule came over the loudspeaker. It was the voice of the astronaut: "I'm al-ways cha-sing rainbows . . ." he sang, in a sort of drone.

At this, all the generals and the character actors and the public relations men, and the bosomy actresses, and the people from Minute Maid, and yes, even Walter Crankcase from CBS, all of them, turned quite pale.

The Raving Reporter...

Goes Ethnomaniac

The latest ethnic development on campus is the formation of the "Celtic Twilight and Drinking League," a society of wild Irish roses who assemble each week to partake of the culture of their Hibernian ancestors, in a nearby pub.

Your Raving Reporter, a man with a nose for news and a taste for booze, attended one of the League's meetings (officially termed "wakés"), and obtained an exclusive interview with chief Druid Brian O'Brien, over many a heart-warming draught of poteen.

"Many ethnic groups are easily assembled, and easily recognized as members of the group," said O'Brien, "but we Irish are harder to distinguish."

"We felt that as long as the student government was handing out money for ethnic causes, we might as well cash in on the deal," said he, with charming candor, "and the only ethnic Irish activity we could think of was drinking."

At this point, chief Druid O'Brien quaffed off another flagon, and disappeared under the table. I was forced to obtain information about the League's plans from another source, and turned to the den mother of the boys, a little old silver-headed lady keening softly to herself in the corner of the room. Her name was Mrs. Bridget "Mother" Machree.

In the immediate future, she revealed, the League hoped to do a lot of drinking, and foster Jansenism on campus. Plans are afoot for a student-operated still in the cafeteria, and a revival of Gaelic "would be a darlin' idea". Eventually, she disclosed, the League hoped to visit the ould

sod, assassinate the British royal family, and "do a power of drinkin'".

"We intend to have a few words, so to speak, with the Vatican, about the liberties they're after takin' with the blessed name of Saint Patrick," she said, hinting that March 17 would be the day for wholesale heresy, should the clergy make good its threat to prevent her singing Danny Boy in St. James' Cathedral.

The group's brochure, an exquisite publication, ornate with harps, shamrocks, and bottles, revealed yet another facet of the league's projected activities: the

cultural aspect.

A display of Irish Linen Handkerchiefs is planned for the very near future, and hopes are high that Brendan Behan can be induced to address the entire student body in May.

Mother Machree expressed her heartfelt appreciation to the SAC for their financial assistance in making all this possible. "Tis a foin thing they're after doin', helping the ethnic group," she commented.

Her definition of an ethnic group?

"It's a power of nationalists havin' too much fun over here to go home."

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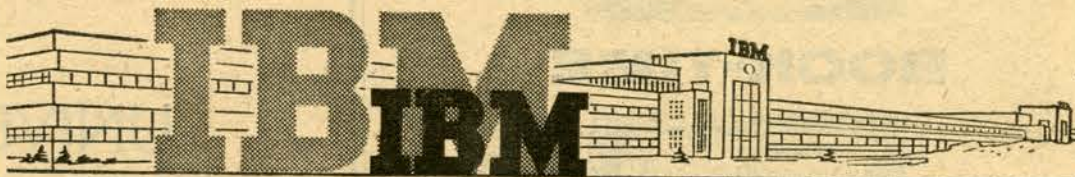
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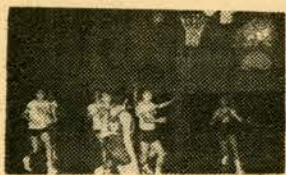
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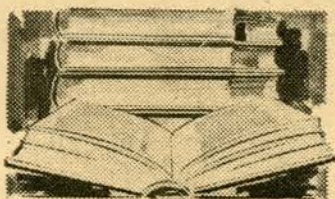
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Optimism Prevails . . .

Swimmers Prep For OSL Meet

The Varsity swim team returned to the campus late last Saturday night disappointed at its showing in the annual meet sponsored by CMR, yet a flair of optimism pervaded the squad as it gears itself for upcoming competitions.

Although the entry did finish last in a five team meet, Loyola's hopes were raised somewhat when it was realized that UNB, who completely outclassed all other opposition in winning the affair, will not compete in the OSL meet on March 3 at the same pool. Besides this, the

Maroon and White entry could conceivably have finished as high as third had it not been disqualified in the 200-yd. medley relay for interchanging the order in which the individual participants were to race.

This could have raised its total 10 points (thus dislodging either MacDonald College or Laval University who tied for third spot with 30 points. Loyola's efforts realized 21 points for the afternoon's work.

It seemed only fitting that UNB should sweep this meet, for only the night before it had disposed

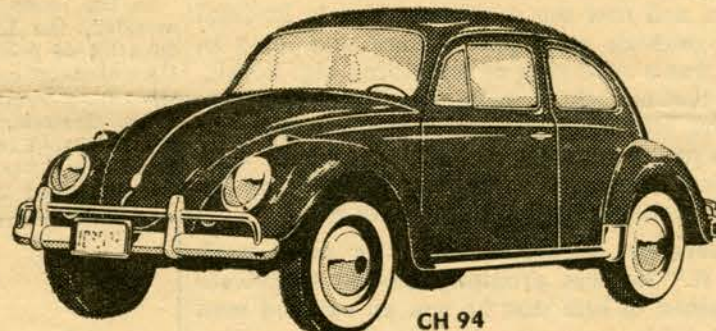
of the highly-touted McGill team in a dual meet at Sir Arthur Currie pool.

In individual competition Loyola fared somewhat better, the highlight being Udo Beuchner's second place finish behind UNB's Chris Robb in the 200-yd. individual medley relay. In the 100-yd. breast stroke and 100-yd. free style events, Chuck Czartoryski and Marcel Guay posted third place finishes to keep alive hopes of a respectable showing.

Presently the team is prepping for the return engagement to St. Jean and the OSL meet, and hopes to garner more experience along the way, counting on persons like Rick Martin and Bob Michels to provide it in future competitions. There is the possibility of a dual meet with MacDonald in the near meet with MacDonald tonight, at which time the knowledge collected at the recent meet as well as additional advice from coach Gill Young should be manifested.



Les Gareau (left) assistant captain, Coach Gill Young (center) and Marcel Guay, Varsity Swim captain, discuss strategy for the upcoming meet March 3 at CMR.



CH 94

UNIVERSITY GRADUATES

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PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND FITNESS...

True, in the world of games Canada's achievements are scarcely befitting those of a nation which lays claim to one of the highest standards of living anywhere.

Accordingly to provide the proper environment and training for the youth of Canada so that they may develop into good competitors and eventual champions has become the aim of the Advisory Council on Physical Fitness and Amateur Sport.

This Council chaired by Ken Farmer consists of not more than 30 members, including Loyola graduates — Andy O'Brien and Joe Poirier; also such notables as Maurice Richard and the Honorable J. Waldo Monteith, Minister of National Health and Welfare.

To achieve their aim the Council has received from the revenue fund five million dollars which will be allotted as the need arises for:

1) The provision of greater assistance to Canadian teams participating in sports meets both at home and abroad.

2) The support for the expansion of facilities and services for the training of coaches and instructors.

3) The provision of bursaries and fellowships to improve the competence of personnel connected with fitness and sport.

4) The support for research and for a greater effort in the field of information.

5) The granting of fitting recognition for outstanding achievement.

As the resolution indicates, federal money will be available for the purposes of the program to agencies, organizations and institutions concerned with fitness and amateur sport.

Now Loyola most certainly qualifies as an institution concerned with amateur sport. But if the College has any hope of benefitting financially from this Council, it is highly improbable that Varsity sports, seeing as how they are directed at a very select few and tend to promote the prestige of the university, would rate any federal assistance.

So any money received would have to be applied to the betterment of intramural athletics, which truthfully cannot be improved upon too much more.

Hence, if Loyola as an institution concerned with amateur sport were to also develop an interest in fitness, then maybe the Advisory Council would seriously consider aiding their cause. One such means of showing an interest in fitness would be the development of a physical education course. Thus, by introducing phys. ed. Loyola will be playing its part in the nation wide program encouraging physical fitness and amateur sport. And disregarding the money angle entirely, the benefits of a course such as this speak for themselves.

CHANCES ARE...

... that the Hockey Warriors might well mark up their last two home games in the win column. Tonight they entertain CMR, who were beaten by Loyola 6-3 in the first game of the season. On Saturday night, Luc Henrico, Ken DesRoches, John Roche and Peter Armstrong, the seniors on the squad, will play their last Varsity game in Loyola Stadium against the Carleton Ravens.

... that the Basketball Warriors would heartily welcome a win over Sir George Williams tonight at Mont St. Louis Gymnasium. An upset over Sir George and then a victory against Carleton next Friday would give them the right to challenge for the OSL Championship. However next Tuesday the meeting between the Warriors and the Georgians in MBL competition, from a Loyola point of view, is of little significance.



George Lengvari (right) set to throw the ball in against U. of M. as Kit Gardner (10) patiently waits.

A "Must" Match...

Warriors Need Win Against Sir George

Loyola's basketball Warriors will attempt to get back on the road to a possible divisional title this evening, when they tackle league-leading Sir George Williams University at Mont St. Louis Gym in the city's East end. The team which has wallowed in the shadow of defeat for almost two seasons now, never quite able to find their sea-legs, will make one final effort — should they fail it will be a long time before anything is heard from them again.

The conditions surrounding their possible fight for league honors are indeed demanding. Firstly, they will have to overcome the Georgians tonight, a feat they have been unable to perform in the last fifteen meetings with this basketball dynasty fashioned by Mag Flynn. Secondly, they will have to end the season in second place, since no team can challenge the first place unit until it has taken a point from them, in addition to gaining a second place finish.



Lanky George Lengvari (14) gets the jump while Al Grazys (left), Neil Lavoie (24) and Charlie Smith (right) anxiously eye the ball.

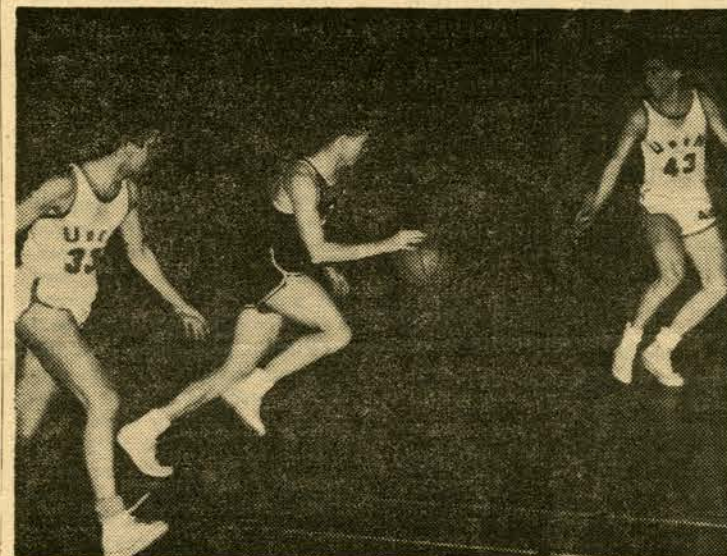
As for success in future years, the Warriors will certainly be going out on a limb if they depend on it. In fact, graduation, although removing only two men, will destroy the nucleus of an already mal-functioning offense. Nonetheless, Jean Claude Vadeboncoeur is probably the finest basketball player ever to play under the

Maroon colors, and although his performance this season may belie this observation, it is equally true that Vadeboncoeur plays his best ball only when surrounded by talent of equal calibre. Don MacDougall, the other Senior on the team perhaps comes closest to emulating his counterpart's ability, if not in the scoring most surely in the play-making department.

In the prelude to tonight's encounter, the Warriors scored a 64-24 win over the lowly Carabins by way of the University of Montreal on Tuesday. The game had all the characteristic dullness so predominant when any team plays the Carabins.

Meanwhile over at the Arthur Currie Gym, a more interesting affair was being staged (in fact one of the Warriors found himself in the large throng), as the McGill Redmen edged the Georgians 64-59 in a battle for first place.

Back at Mont. St. Louis, George Lengvari was pacing all scorers with a 21 point outburst, while Neil Lavoie and rookie centre Charlie Smith followed with 13 and 12 points respectively. Ray Roy paced the Carabins with eight points.



Kit Gardner races down the court in recent action against U. of M.

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OSL "Orgy-nization" ...



Is The OSL In Need Of Reform ?

The gross incompetence and mismanagement of the Ottawa-St. Lawrence Intercollegiate Athletic Association is a subject upon which much ink has been spilled in the past few years. The fact remains however, that no one has emerged to ameliorate the situation. To question the validity of such an inquiry would be sheer oversight — in fact, the ridiculous low to which the organization has slipped is mirrored in its low calibre of play, poor officiating, in the constant wranglings between coaches, and ultimately in the composure of the league itself.

As it currently exists, the OSL governs all intercollegiate sport in its member schools. The fundamental theory is obviously a sound one, however the practice has become greatly outmoded and the league will inevitably have to face a crisis — one that could indeed send the league into a fatal tailspin.

Inherently Rotten

The administrative set-up itself contains inherent flaws which contribute significantly to the over-all situation. For example, the executive of the Association consists of a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary and a Treasurer who are elected yearly. Consequently it becomes quite easy for a President to unwittingly shirk his duties, content in the belief that the following year's executive will improve the standards. This attitude merely creates a chain-reaction of disinterest which apparently has come to a head, without any room to burst.

Furthermore, the member schools (Bishops, Carleton, CMR, Loyola, Macdonald, RMC, Sir George, Ottawa University, and St. Pat's) pay no substantial membership fee to the league — a fact that quite likely discourages any assurance of equality or service on the part of the league.

With such loose control at the top of the organization, it follows quite naturally that each branch is characterized by similar weaknesses. The most notorious department in the last few seasons has been that of officiating. In fact, the most flagrant violations have come in the sport that is proudly cited as most characteristic of the Canadian

sportive public. The flaws in this realm are equally abscended.

Not Bylaw

Section eight of the Association's By-Laws states that "the appointment of all officials... shall be decided by the Director of Athletics of the host institution." Once again the theory would appear extremely sound, however the By-Laws and Constitution overlook the fact that no governing body controls OSL



Complacency — Incompetency

officials, and consequently the Athletic Directors are left at their own discretion in the choice of game officials. The upshot of this procedure is the existence of several cliques, which restrict their choice of officials to men in their localities. Loyola, quite contrary to the inclinations of its Director, has been included in a group with MacDonald and CMR, following the withdrawal of Sir George, who now find it more beneficial to their own interests to join Ottawa and Carleton in another group. Further query reveals that the same individuals have officiated at every

Bishop's home game of the current hockey season.

Admittedly the situation is vastly improved in basketball, however it is only to be noted that four of the six teams are located in the Montreal area, and the cross-section of officials is not as vast as in hockey.

A Bizarre Turn

Still another point at hand is the bizarre method the league employs to dispose of protests. By-Law 10 simply states that "all protests shall be referred to the Executive for decision." Once again, the simplicity of the statement camouflages the corruption involved in the interpretation. Actually when a school has a protest to file, it merely lodges it with the nearest executive member, who, due to his very presence in the area is often easily influenced, if not already biased. Upon receiving the protest, the individual executive issues a tentative ruling, pending notification of the rest of the Board. Significantly the Executive rarely fails to unanimously affirm the original pronouncement.

Specific reference for this observation is found in the dis-

by

Bob Lewis

pute earlier last year which led to the forfeiture of a football game by Ottawa St. Pat's. Shamrock Coach Fr. Kavanaugh, unsettled regarding the eligibility of his star backfielder Gord Ventura, consulted his neighboring executive member at Ottawa University, who ruled in favor of St. Pat's. Then as the Ottawa decision was passed on to the remaining executive members for ratification, Ventura played. Robert Pugh of MacDonald subsequently appealed the decision, it was upheld by the Executive, and the Ottawa statement was reversed; a course of action that followed its winding way over the country for the greater part of the football season.

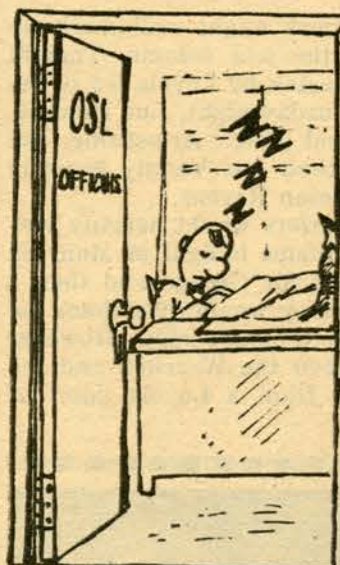
Clearly it is time for radical reform

The first and most logical step would be to discontinue the policy of electing an annual President; better still, the removal of control in league affairs from the hands of the Athletic Directors, who are already over-burdened with duties in

their own institutions. Ironically, the most power in the organization is yielded by the Secretary, who receives absolutely no remuneration for his demanding service. In fact the OSL might well follow the example of professional and amateur organizations throughout the world in appointing a Commissioner to govern all facets of this vital body. To insure further service, the league might see fit to employ a businessman with both administrative and athletic inclinations; a man who might be interested in gaining additional income.

Highest Hurdle

Nonetheless, the league might encounter the biggest fence in its revitalization program at this point. For in acquiring the services of an impartial element it would have to demand an increase in yearly fees from member schools — an entreaty that would surely meet with unanimous disapproval.



Reform — Efficiency

Surely though, the league could examine its long-range financial set-up, and with a slight increase in fees to augment the current revenue incurred from its frequent fines (for violations ranging from "late registration of any student participating..." to the failure of submitting "the official report of any contest within one week...") could innovate a procedure that would be compatible with the capacities of the respective members. It would be the greatest stride the organization has ever made.

The league might further consolidate its complicated administrative network by retaining

only the Conveners of the various sports from the present system. These men would be directly responsible to the Commissioner, and would not fall under the jurisdiction of the present Board of executives who, due to their numbers, tend to cloud the various issues.

The fourth step — one which, incidentally, has long been advocated by Loyola's Director Ed Meagher — would be the establishment of the post of Referee-in-Chief. The advantages are obvious.

Currently the league encourages a lack of uniformity by allowing the respective groups to choose their officials from the gamut of accredited Amateur officials in the country. Under the suggested procedure, the OSL, which rarely schedules more than three games in a single day, could function efficiently with only six officials (only two required per game) and two alternates, if so desired. The Chief would be responsible for all game assignments and would be in a position to avoid the current practice of "clique officiating."

The league might further strengthen its ranks by creating a Grievance Board to examine, discuss and adjudge the various protests and rule interpretations. The Board could be elected by the respective representatives at the annual meeting, and in this way would represent the cross-section of opinion, so rampant in the make-up of any group.

Chief Concerns

The remarkable and despicable factor in this controversy, is not however, the failure of the league to adopt the necessary revisions, but the obstinate nature with which it has combated the very simplest attempts at improvement and advancement. For example, Ed Meagher of Loyola proposed the Referee-in-Chief amendment at the annual meeting last year — the motion was defeated 5-1.

We would like to imagine that the present Board is consciously aware of the need for improvement, however actions such as those previously cited which have blunted the knife of reform for many years seem to indicate that the body, through gross oversight, has settled into a trench of perpetual complacency and stagnation. This attitude is detrimental not only to local collegiate sport, but to amateur athletics in the world.